



No. 4

THE 4th BIG ISSUE OF-

10¢

BEST of WEST

BEST of the WEST

TEAR! ACTION! WAR! BATTLE!
STRAIGHT
ARROW



DURANGO
KID

TIM
HOLT



THE
GHOST RIDER



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HURRY MAIL TODAY

STRAIGHT ARROW

THE PLAINS INDIANS PAINTED THEIR
BODIES AS THEY DID THEIR SHIELDS
AND TEPEES—AND EACH DAUB OF
PAINT STOOD FOR SOME DEED OF
VALOR!...OF ALL COMANCHE WARRIORS,
NONE BEAR SO MANY MARKS AS
STRAIGHT ARROW—AND
NONE REGARDS THE NAME OF
FEATHER-HAT SO MUCH! FOR
SITE OF JEALOUSY, FEELING THAT
HE HIMSELF SHOULD BE PRIVILEGED
TO WEAR—

THE MARKS OF
A WARRIOR



THIS IS THE TALE OF STRAIGHT
ARROW'S MARKS! THE
YELLOW SLASH ON HIS ARM
SPEAKS TO THE COMANCHE EYE
OF THE DAY WHEN A THIN BLACK
PLUME OF SMOKE ROSE FROM A
SANDSTONE MESQUIT—



HE ANSWERED TO THAT SIGNAL—!

GROW FORT THERE!
HYAAA-HA!













APACHE MOCASINS MAKE
NO SOUND ON THE HARD
ROCK—



FEATHER-NAT SQUATS IN
SHOCK AS AN APACHE HUNTING
KNIFE THRUSTS DOWN AT HIM—



IT IS THEN THAT A BOLDEN ARROW
WHIRLS OUT OF THE SMOKE!—



—AND A WARCLUB THUDS HOME AGAINST
AN APACHE SKULL!

STRAIGHT
ARROW!

I ROSE UP HERE
TO SPEAK WITH YOU,
FEATHER-NAT! LUCKY FOR
OUR PEOPLE THAT THOUGH
I CANNOT WALK, I CAN
YET RUN!



THEY ARE
ALL AROUND
US!

THE VILLAGE MUST BE WARNED!
SEND YOUR SMOKE SIGNALS! I WILL
SHOW MYSELF—TRY TO LEAD THEM
PAST YOU! WHEN I DO THAT—
SHOOT THEM DOWN!



TO FEATHER-NAT, AS HE CROUCHS ABOVE
A NARROW CANYON TRAIL, THE TRUTH COMES
UP LAST. IT IS BITTER, AND MAKES HIM
PUSH WITH SHAME—

AY! STRAIGHT ARROW ALWAYS THINKS
OF PROGRESS! HE FIGHTS TO SAVE THOSE
HORSES—THAT BUFFALO MEAT SUPPLY—
THOSE LIVES!
WASNT THAT
IS WHY HE IS
SO GREAT!



AND AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE TRUTH COMES
TWO LATE...!

HE, I THINK ONLY
OF MYSELF—OF THE
GLORY I MAY WIN
—BANDOLEY!



GALLOPING BELOW THE CANYON RIM, STRAIGHT ARROW ACTS AS BAIT, LURING THE YELLING APACHES TO THE HIDDEN TRAP.

SHOOT, FEATHER-HAT? WHY DO YOU NOT SHOOT?



NO FIRE SIGNAL SENDS ITS SMOKE UPWARD TO THE SKY TO WARN THE VILLAGE!



I'LL SEND MY OWN SIGNAL! A FIRE-ARROW INTO A SAGUARO CACTUS WILL SET IT AFLAME!



THE PRICKLY NEEDLES OF THE GIANT SAGUARO CACTUS BURN LIKE DRY FINGER! SOON A RAGING COLUMN OF SMOKE LIFTS INTO THE AIR!



EVEN AS STRAIGHT ARROW FLEES LIKE THE WIND ON THE GREAT SOUTHERN PLAINS, LURING THE APACHES WITH HIM—THE COMANCHE CHARGE TO THE ATTACK!



LATER, AFTER THE APACHES HAVE BEEN ROUTED...

MAKE UP A NEW DESIGN FOR HIS BODY MARKINGS, OLD COMA! MAKE ONE THAT NO COMANCHE HAS EVER WORN BEFORE! A DESIGN THAT ONLY STRAIGHT ARROW IS FIT TO WEAR!



STRAIGHT ARROW—WHO THINKS OF HIS PEOPLE FIRST, AND NEVER OF HIMSELF—IS THE GREATEST MAN AMONG ALL OUR PEOPLE!



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and

Have Fun!

GHOST RIDER

THE

OF SPOKE IN A MOUNTAIN THROAT
WHISPER, THE GHOST HEAD OF
A LEAN-AND-MEAGRE MAN, AND
THE TIGERS OF THE PLAINS
LISTENED WITH DROWNING HEARTS
AND ROLLING EYES, FOR THEY KNEW
IT SPOKE THE TRUTH, AND THEY
DID WHAT IT SAID!... THEY KILLED
THOSE WHOSE NAMES IT BREATHED
BECAUSE THEY WORKSHIPPED IT!
EVEN THE MOUNTAIN RIDER OF THE
WIND, THE SPOOKISH SHAMAN,
THAT NIGHT-DANCING MAN CALLED
THE GHOST RIDER, KNEW THAT
HE COULD DO NOTHING AGAINST
IT UNLESS HE FIRST PASSED THE
GRIM TEST DEMANDED BY THE
PRIESTS OF

The Talking
HEAD!



NO MEN KNEW WHENCE IT CAME, OR WHAT DARK, FOREBODING
UNDISCOVERED PLAN IT ONCE HAD KNOWN, BUT SUDDENLY,
THE HEAD WAS THERE, AND ALL MEN STERED...!

THEIR GOD, WAS THE FAIR WOMAN—LITHE
AND DANGEROUS PRIESTESS OF THE TALKING
HEAD.





THE PLAINS INDIAN IS A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN, BUT TRICKERY
ONLY MAKES HIM ANGRY. MUTTERING, THEY DRAW AWAY
FROM THE HEAD...



TO RUN AWAY BLIND,
NEXT DAY THE
FUTURE COMES
TO PASS...



SUCH NEWS TRAVELS LIKE WILDFIRE IN THE DRY SUMMER
DENSES! THEN—JAWHAWG'S RETURN, AS DOES
WHITE DEER, WITH A NEW WIFE...!



AND WITH THEM, OTHER INDIANS—CHEYENNES
AND APACHES, SPOKE AND GRAPPLING, ARMS
LADEN WITH MANY PRESENTS...!



ARE, HEAR MY WORDS, PEOPLE OF
THE PLAINS! THE GREAT HAS SPOKEN
WITH ME! HE HAS SEEN THE FUTURE
AND IT PROMISES GREAT RICHES
FOR ALL...!



LIFT UP YOUR WEAPONS!
BOWS! BOWLS! LANCES!
RIDE OUT ON TO THE
PLAINS, WHERE THE
WAGONS OF THE WHITE
HANDERS DID THEIR
WHEEL MARKS INTO
INDIAN GROUND! SEE AT
THEM! TAKE FROM
THEM THEIR RICHES!



THUS, BORN THE RACES THAT ARE
TO TESTIMONIZE THE FRONTIER...



THE TALKING HEAD SAYS
TO KILL THE WHITE HANDERS!
HAIL—I KILL!



AND THEN
ONE NIGHT,
ON A HIGH
PEAK OF THE
INDIAN
TERRITORY,

A TALL WINDY WAGON THAT IS
THE RUMOR SWELLING INTO
A ROAD ACROSS THE
SAGELANDS! IT'S
RESISTIBLE — BUT
DANGEROUS! MORNING!
THE SORT OF DANGEROUS
MORNING THAT IS THE
BURNING OF —
THE GHOST RIVER!



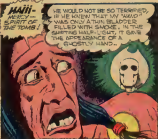
I SHALL TELL THE LATEST OF THESE RUDGES TO THEIR TERRORS, THEIR AMONG THEM, WEAPONS IN MY BLACK CLOTH CLOAK, I SHALL BE INVISIBLE!



A FLASH OF FIRELIGHT ON A STABBING LANCESWORD, AND—



THE GHOST RIDER LEARNS MUCH FOR CHEYENNE TOMBSIES ARE NOT GUARDED IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN VILLAGES!



SHEDDING IN FEAR, THE CHEYENNE WARRIOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES, BABBLES ALL HE KNOWS—

IT IS SO! THE TALKING HEAD TELLS US 'WANT TO DO? WE DO IT, AND PAY IT A PORTION OF WHAT WE STEAL, OTHERWISE THE HEAD WOULD CURSE US, AND WE WOULD DIE—'



NEXT NIGHT, IN THE TEMPLE SACRED TO THE BROWN WOMAN—

WHO—ARE YOU?

MEN CALL ME THE GHOST WOMAN! I COME FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE GROUND—SUMMONED BY THE SCREAMS OF YOUR VICTIMS!





PETE PLUNGES A STRANGE TRICK / AS PANN WOMAN LEAPS UP INTERLOPER, AND FOOT STEPS ON THE EARTHEN FLOOR AND SHE CALLS...



I FELL... AND MY HAND CAUGHT IN SOMETHING... AND DIPPED THIS FROM IT / BUT THIS IS A SET OF BLACK CLOTH — AND GHOSTS DO NOT WEAR CLOTHES...



PANN WOMAN LEAPS ERECT / SHE SWITCHES OUT HER WAFFS, AND SHOUTS IN TRIUMPH, BUT ONLY THE ECHOES ANSWER HER...



NEXT NIGHT, AS THE VAGABOND THROWS HIS BLANKET OF BLACKNESS ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, THE PANN WOMAN SUMMONS THE CHIEF OF ALL THE TERRORS...



AIEEE! UNLESS HE CAN PROVE HE IS A GHOST — BY WALKING ON THAT BED OF ASHES AND LEAVING NO FOOTPRINT — WE KNOW HIM FOR A MAN — AND A MAN CAN DIE IN THE TORTURE KUBES...



IN THE
SHADOWS,
THE GHOST
WOMAN
NEEDS HER
GIRL
WIGGERS WITH
FLUORIDED
BROWS...

THIS IS BAD! FROM
HENCEFORTH, MY
TRICKS WILL NEVER
WORK! — UNLESS I
APPEAR AND MEET
PAIN WOMAN'S CHALLENGE!
BUT — HOW CAN I WALK
OVER AROUND A THOSE
LEAVING FOOTPRINTS?



IN GLITCHING
TERRORS, THE
PAIN WOMAN
SHOUTS LOUDLY,
MOODFULLY...

STEP FORWARD, YOU SO-CALLED GHOST!
DO NOT SKULK AMONG THE SHADOWS!
ACCEPT MY DARE — OR FORTWELL BE
A JACKPOT!



AND THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS, THE GHOST WIGGERS
MOVES — SO SILENTLY THAT NONE WERE WISE, FOR
THEY WATCH THE PAIN WOMAN...



I HEAR YOUR BARKING, PAIN
WOMAN! TO PROVE MY GHOSTLY WIGGS,
I WALK UPON YOUR DARES!
WATCH!



IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT, THE ASSEMBLED CHIEFS
GAZE AS THE FEET MOVE, LEAVING NO TRACE OF THEIR
PROGRESS, OVER THE SOFT TUFFLE LAYER OF ASPHALT!



A FEET — HE LEAVES NO
FOOTPRINT! TRULY HE
IS A GHOST!



AND NOW,
YOU
I LEFT
NO MARK!

A SPIRIT COMES AND
GOES, PAIN WOMAN —
AND LEAVES NOTHING
BY WHICH TO TELL
WHERE HE WAS
GONE!



AFTER THE INDIANS HAVE RIDDEN OFF, TO BEING IN THEIR STOLEN LOOT AND TURN IT OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES —





THEY SCORCHED AND LOOTED IN THE BULLET COUNTRY ALL THE WAY FROM ARIZONA ARROYO TO SILVER CITY — BUT EVERYTHING THEY STOLE WAS WORTHLESS! FOR THESE CRIMINALS OF CACTUS LANDS ROBBED ONLY FROM OLD-SHAW PILES — AND REWARD OF TWO AND SEVEN FIVE FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH THE STRANGEST CASE IN HIS CRIME-FIGHTING HISTORY WHEN HE GOUGHT TO UNRAVEL THE PLOT OF

THE JUNK-ROBBERS

THE JUNK-ROBBERS RODE INTO THE JUNK YARD WITH GUNS BLAZING...



WITH FREQUENT ACTIVITY THE
ROBBERIES FLEW HIGH THEIR WAGON—



THEN THEY ARE SOON IN A
CLOUD OF BIRD DUST



AT BREAKFAST A SANDPAPER WAGONMAN
TELLS THE STORY TO SHORT GAT
AND DICK, TO SURE HE TALKS A LOT



ONLY TOOK JIMMY JUST LIKE
THEY ONLY GAVE THEM JUNK IN
SILVER CITY AND ANOTHER SECOND
DOWN "WAKE UP"...



WHY HERE'S A LANTERN WITH
BATTERY ON WHEELS THAT'S PRETTY
VALUABLE. MAMA LAYERS SOME
OTHER THINGS IN HERE ARE
VALUABLE, TOO



SURE SOME OF THE STUFF IS VALUABLE
TWO—BUT NOT VALUABLE ENOUGH TO
ATTRACT OUTLAWS. WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?

JUST AN OLD
BATTERY—BUT
ONE THAT'S WORTH
JUST SAYING

AN HOUR LATER THE OFFICES OF THE BULLET BANNER—



HERE HE SEES THAT
SANDPAPER WAGON LANTERN
DICK BECAME TO THE
LA GORDA FAMILY AND HERE—
HERE IT IS—A LIST OF
ARTICLES AUCTIONED OFF
BY THE LA GORDAS AFTER
THE DEATH OF THEIR SON



"BOTH LA GORDA WAS
KNOW AS 'THE
MADDER ROLLER'—
GAVE YEARS BACK
HE WAS ONE OF THE
MOST VIOLENT
MUGGERS OF THE
BAILY SOUTHWEST



STAND AND ON TOP—
OF TRAIL ON
LEAD!

"THE STOLE FROM THE RICH, AND THE
LEGEND OF HIS FABULOUS LOOT
GROW AND GROW..."



"DO NOT BE ALARMED,
MADAM. I SEEK ONLY
YOUR JEWELS..."

"SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT COUNTRY
HE HAS HIDDEN THAT LOOT UNTOUCHED
NO MAN KNOWS WHERE —"



"WHEN THEY HUNG
MIM, HE DIED WITH
A GLEAM ON HIS
LIPS..."

"YOU ARE
HANDING THE
RICHEST MAN
IN THE
SOUTHWEST
GENTLEMEN!"



"THE WHOLE STORY IS HERE
IN THESE OLD NEWSPAPERS!
SOMEHOW, THESE JUNK-FORMERS
WERE STUMBLED ON IT TOO
PERHAPS. OSCAR LA SORDA HAD
A MAP OF WHERE HIS LOOT
IS BURIED IN SOME OLD
ADVENTURE — AND THAT'S WHAT
THE JUNK-FORMERS
ARE AFTER!"



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE COURTYARD OF THE OLD LA SORDA PALACE...

"I COME TO SEE A PRINCE
DONALD LA SORDA. I COME
AS THE LAW SEEKING TO
APPREHEND GENTLEMEN..."



"HOW CAN I
HELP? I'LL DO
WHAT I CAN!"

"GOOD. I WANT YOU TO MAKE
A CAREFUL INVENTORY OF ALL
YOUR OLD ADVENTURE — THEN
SELL IT TO THE LOCAL JUNK-
DEALER."



SOME NIGHTS LATER, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS IN HIS
PLACE, THE COUNTRY COUNTRY OF THE FORTIFIED,
STANDS GRIM AND READY.

"THIS NEWS ITEM OF THE
LA SORDA DEAL WITH THE
JUNK-DEALER OUGHT TO
BRING OUT THE JUNK-FORMERS
AND WHEN THEY COME OUT OF
HIDE — BREAKFAST WILL BE
HERE TO MEET THEM!"



UNDER THE BRIGHT ARIZONA MOON THE JUNK ROBBERS STRIKE AGAIN.



LOOK! THAT WAS
GOSPEL TRUTH IN THAT
NEWSPAPER ITEM!

SURE—THERE'S A WHOLE NEW
BATCH OF STUFF FROM THE LASORDA
HOUSE! I DON'T KNOW THERE WAS
ANY MORE LEFT...



I DON'T WANT TO STOP
THEM AGAIN! I'M GOING
TO FOLLOW THEM TO
LEARN WHERE THEIR
HIDEOUT IS!

SOMEWHAT LATER, AS THE JUNK
ROBBERS RACE WEST TOWARD RED BUTTES



YOU WONDERED HOW ON
MY HORSE'S LAST A SNOW.
I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU
SHORTLY.



WHAT THE — WHY THAT'S
REMARK BACK THERE,
TRACKING ME...



CAN'T HELP THAT NOW,
BROCK! YOU GOT TO GALLOP
FLEW FAST! I GOT TO WARN
THE OTHERS THAT REMARK
IS NOT AFTER US!



I SAW
REMARK
BOND
AFTER US!

REMARK, HUH? I KNOW HOW TO
DEAL WITH HIM!



YOU CHUCK, AND YOU RINCHO —
ARE OUR TWO BEST BILLS—NOT
STAY BEHIND! HIDE YOURSELVES!
WHEN REMARK COMES DOWN
BY — SALVATE HIM...

UNDER THE CASCAPING WATERS OF INDIAN FALLS, SOMEWHAT LATER, THE REST OF THE DARK-ROBBERS ENTER THEIR HIDEOUT.



WE SHOULD FIND THAT MAP NOW, FOR SURE!

EAGER FINGERS RIP AT OLD BAGS AND CHESTS—



AND THEN A VOICE SHOUTS HEAVILY IN "TUMBI!"

LOOK! HERE IT IS! —THE MAP TO HIS STOLEN COOT!

WHERE?

LET'S SEE IT!



YEAH— THAT'S IT!

HE BURIED THE STUFF ON BUFFALO PLAINS, NEAR THE OLD PONY EXPRESS STATION!

COME ON! WHAT WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO GET IT!

SOON, RIDERS BACK, ON THE TRAIL TO THE OUTLAW HIDEOUT—



HERE HE COMES NOW!

TWO RIFLE-BARRELS LIFT... THE FINGER OF REVENGE IS TRAINED ON BOTH NIGHTS AS TRIGGER-FINGERS SLAYLY SQUEEZE—



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HOURS AFTER, AN ALIVE TATS THE
DAY A BRIGHT ORANGE, ON THE PLATE
ON THE OLD-SCHOOL STATION



**CAUTION: FORGOTTEN IN THE
GRASS THE OUTLINE GROWS
AROUND THE TREASURES REVEALED
BY THE MOUNTAIN GOD**



1. **ATM AT THE AIRPORT**

THEY ARE BEING HELD - AND
GIVEN FLOOD ALONG THE
MAY-480 STATE OF THE
PLANTING AND THE OF ABOUT
OCCUPATIONS. THEY MUST HAVE
EVIDENCE THAT ARE!



The DUNANGO KID

KAR-ROOOOOM!

HERE'S A NEW DANGER—BOOM IN YOUR EARS! BOOM WHEN IN MADNESS, AND BROUGHT TO A CRAZY, CHUCKLING END THAT BLASTS THE EARTH AWAY! BUT A NOBLESSE IS IN DANGER AND A RUDDY MUST BE CALLED AND THE DUNANGO AND BOOM THE TAIL OF COURAGE TO THE

BLASTS BOOM!



DUNANGO IS FANTASTIC STUFF

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GENTLEMAN—YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOUR DUNANGO. THAT WAS A FINE JOB...GLAD I NEED YOU.

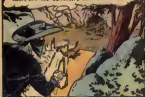
I DO MY BEST, BUT NO MORE.





NINETY MONTHS LATER... DURANGO, RETURNING FROM A SUPERIOR WARRIOR, BARRICADES BY THE ABANDONED RAILROAD TUNNEL...

TOO BAD! A RAILROAD THROUGH THAT TUNNEL WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD THING. BUT WASTE MONEY STILL LIES SUPERSTITION TONG OF ROCK, AND HIS COMPANY'S GONE BANKRUPT...



YES, THAT WAS A SAD ACCIDENT—NOW, NOW WHAT CAN THAT GIRL BE DOING DOWN THERE?



A BULLET! SOMEONE—SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT ME!



DURANGO SNAPS INTO ACTION!

BLAST! SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT HER FROM THOSE ROCKS!...LET'S GO, JOHNNY! I'LL KEEP HIM PINKED DOWN WITH MY FANG!



...WHILE I GO UP AND SAY HELLO!



WUML... FLYAWAY! OUR SUBVANCEER'S A NIGHTY SLICK CUSTOMER! WELL—IT BETTER GO DOWN AND PAY MY RESPECTS TO THE YOUNG LADY...







THE THIRD DAY...

WATCH OUT!
WATCH OUT!
YAHHHHHH...!

THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE!
IT'S CAVING IN!
RIGHT ON TOP OF THOSE
MEN—NOW HURRY!



IT'S NO USE, MEN! LUCK'S AGAINST
US—THERE'S BEEN ONE TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT AFTER ANOTHER AND THE
BANK REFUSES TO TAKE A CHANCE
ON ME. I CAN'T GET ANY MONEY
TO PAY YOU WITH—I'LL HAVE
TO LET YOU GO!



SOS—SOS—SOS!



SURPRISINGLY
YOU
STARTLED ME!
—OH, SURE—... I'VE
HAD TO CALL IT QUITS!

NOT YET, CAGNEY... I'VE ONLY
BEEN DOWN THE ROAD LOOKING
AT THE CRASHED ENGINE...



...AND I TELL YOU THAT WAS
NO ACCIDENT! I DON'T THINK
ANY OF THE OTHER THINGS WERE
"ACCIDENTS" EITHER. IN FACT,
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER
ABOUT THE FATE OF YOUR
FRIEND...!



LET'S TRY TO THINK THIS
THROUGH, CAGNEY... NOW—LET'S
SUPPOSE THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THAT TUNNEL THAT
SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT
OTHER PEOPLE TO GET AT...



BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE. WHY THEN WOULD
SOMEBODY COME IN THE
TUNNEL TO THE TUNNEL
NOW, EVEN IF CAN'T GET
AT SOMEBODY'S IN
THERE—(ANYTHING)?







GORDON INSANE WITH GREED, THROWS THE DYNAMITE! BUT A GUNWAND CATCHES IT AND...



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